



O'er the midnight moorlands crying,  
Thro' the cypress forests sighing,  
In the night-wind madly flying,  
    Hellish forms with streaming hair;  
In the barren branches creaking,  
By the stagnant swamp-pools speaking,  
Past the shore-cliffs ever shrieking,  
    Damn'd demons of despair.

Once, I think I half remember,  
Ere the grey skies of November  
Quench'd my youth's aspiring ember,  
    Liv'd there such a thing as bliss;  
Skies that now are dark were beaming,  
Bold and azure, splendid seeming  
Till I learn'd it all was dreaming --  
    Deadly drowsiness of Dis.

But the stream of Time, swift flowing,  
Brings the torment of half-knowing --  
Dimly rushing, blindly going  
    Past the never-trodden lea;  
And the voyager, repining,  
Sees the wicked death-fires shining,  
Hears the wicked petrel's whining  
    As he helpless drifts to sea.

Evil wings in ether beating;  
Vultures at the spirit eating;  
Things unseen forever fleeting  
    Black against the leering sky.  
Ghastly shades of bygone gladness,  
Clawing fiends of future sadness,  
Mingle in a cloud of madness  
    Ever on the soul to lie.

Thus the living, lone and sobbing,  
In the throes of anguish throbbing,

With the loathsome Furies robbing  
Night and noon of peace and rest.  
But beyond the groans and grating  
Of abhorrent Life, is waiting  
Sweet Oblivion, culminating  
All the years of fruitless quest.

[image]

This work is in the **public domain** in the **United States** because it was published before January 1, 1929.

---

The longest-living author of this work died in 1937, so this work is in the **public domain** in countries and areas where the copyright term is the author's **life plus 86 years or less**. This work may be in the **public domain** in countries and areas with longer native copyright terms that apply the **rule of the shorter term** to *foreign works*.

[image]



# About this digital edition

This e-book comes from the online library [Wikisource](#). This multilingual digital library, built by volunteers, is committed to developing a free accessible collection of publications of every kind: novels, poems, magazines, letters...

We distribute our books for free, starting from works not copyrighted or published under a free license. You are free to use our e-books for any purpose (including commercial exploitation), under the terms of the [Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 Unported](#) license or, at your choice, those of the [GNU FDL](#).

Wikisource is constantly looking for new members. During the transcription and proofreading of this book, it's possible that we made some errors. You can report them at [this page](#).

The following users contributed to this book:

- FloNight
- Pathosbot
- Nonexyst
- Cneubauer
- Danny~enwikisource
- Az1568
- Longfellow
- Billinghamurst
- Steinsplitter
- Rocket000
- Dbenbenn
- Zscout370
- Jacobolus
- Indolences
- Technion
- Dha
- Abigor
- Reisio
- Blurpeace

- Dschwen
- Boris23
- KABALINI
- Bromskloss
- Tene~commonswiki
- AzaToth
- Bender235
- PatríciaR